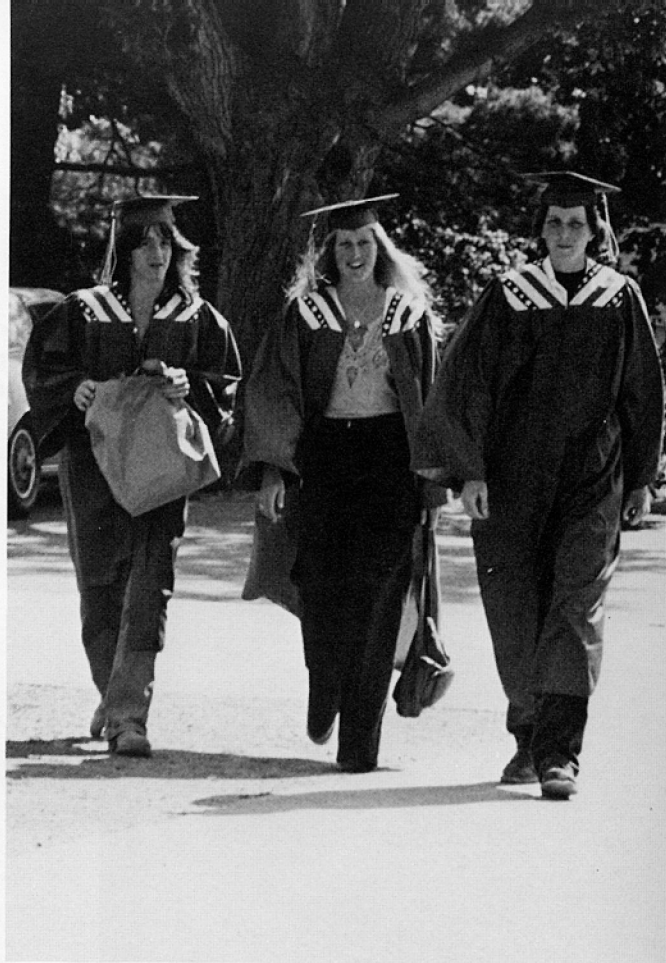


LIBERATION



Mr. Rosen chats with Nancy Durkin, Missy Fleming and Brian Fitzgerald before the ceremonies.



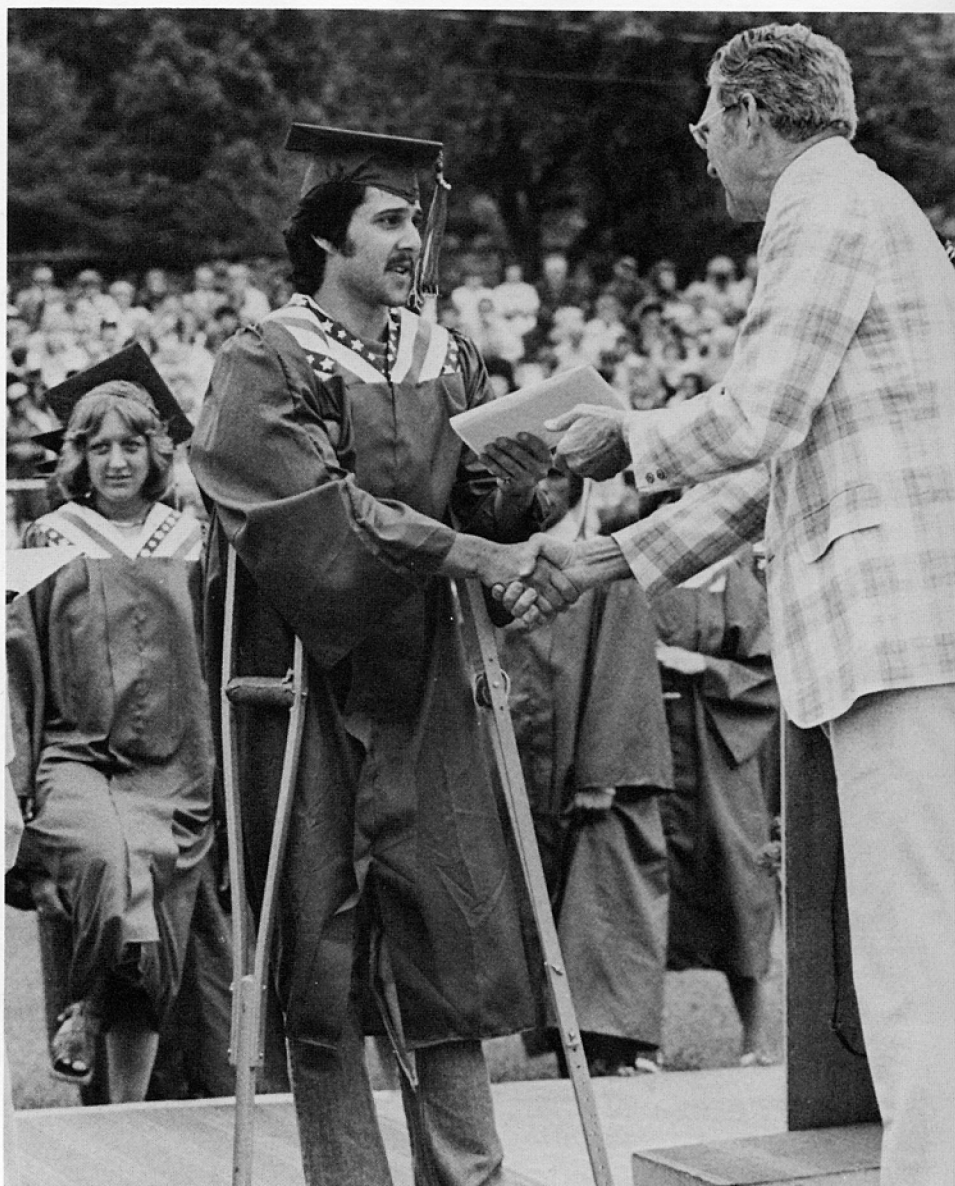
The beginning of the end.

Graduation Day, 1976, was a day we had waited a long time for. With frisbees flying and firecrackers exploding, each member of the Class of '76 approached the stage to receive his diploma.

It was a time for both sadness and joy; sadness, because the class might never be together again, and joy, knowing that we did something for our parents and ourselves. Our school years and Graduation Day will be moments that we will treasure for the rest of our lives.

"There's a time for joy, a time for tears, a time we'll treasure throughout the years. We'll remember always, Graduation Day."

— Joe and Noel Sherman



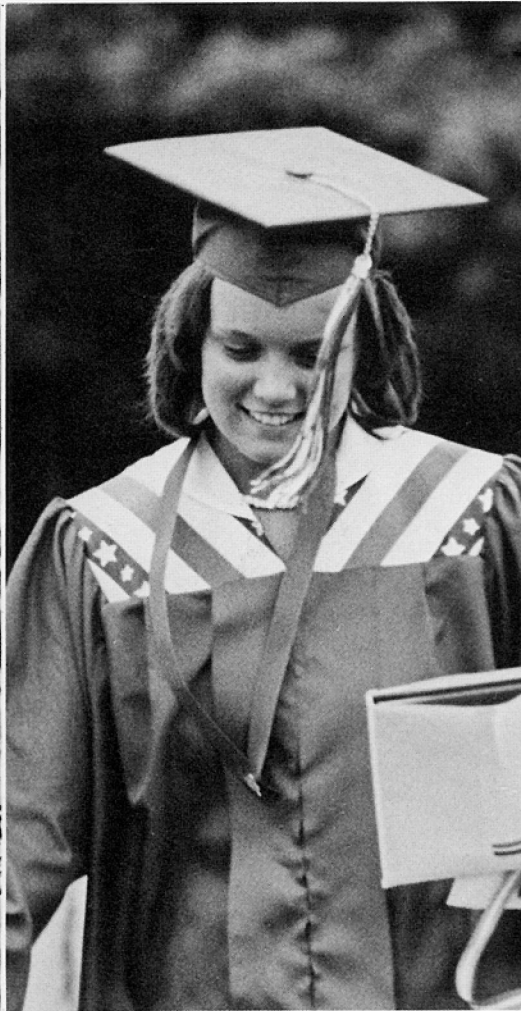
Paul Chaet



I thought the diploma was just a piece of paper rolled up.



I can play — even in this getup.



I like it — I really like it.



A year to remember.

THE SPEAKERS



LIBERATION: THE INDIVIDUAL

We should take the time to listen. Not just hear words, but listen. Listen to the meaning behind the words. Listen as equals, as individuals. We should take the time to accept ourselves and others. Accept ourselves for what we are. Accept others for what they are. If we take the time to listen and to accept, we can liberate the individual from the stereotypes of society and from the anonymity and the fast pace which cause these stereotypes. Take the time. Accept me. I will accept you. You and I, together we can be individuals.

— Richard Rogers

LIBERATION: THE GROUP

The existence of separate groups does not of itself cause difficulties — it is the attitude of group members to members of other groups which is the problem.

Despite individual differences of heredity or preference which cause us to belong to different groups, we should all remember that we are all members of one group, humanity, and that each of us has something to add to that group's success. If we can succeed in liberating the group from the groups, in ending the subordination of human values and purposes to the less important and sometimes inhuman goals of smaller groups, we will have achieved a most vital step in the full development of human potential, in the liberation of all mankind.

— Steven Kruger



CLASS HISTORY

Three short years ago we first entered this school, unsure of who we were, and even more unsure of who we would become. We wandered around lost for a few days buying dozens of discount elevator tickets, but never finding out where the elevator was; hearing that Mr. Sticklor was a former Statey who knew Sing Ming Ding, the ultimate in martial arts; learning that the cafeteria ladies were required by law to put the vegetables on your plate; discovering that the A-wing was the place for all kinds of smoking. Gradually, we began to settle down, and by Christmas almost everyone knew that "inside suspension" was not a term used in building.

In our Sophomore year, we elected Debbie Fallon, President; Ricky Griffey, Vice President; Michelle Molan, Secretary and Lynne Johnston, Treasurer. The next year, our elected leaders were Holly Brown, Treasurer; Ronna Alintuck, Secretary; Steve Marchetti, Vice-President; and Natick's Napoleon, Debbie Fallon, President once again. As our junior year went by, Nixon resigned, the economy slumped, Southeast Asia fell to the Communists, and our class re-elected Debbie, Steve and Holly, and chose Kathy Hooley to be Secretary for our senior year. Seriously, without them or our class advisors, Mrs. Panchuck and Mr. Bates, our senior year couldn't have been as enjoyable as it has been. We'd like to take this time to thank them for all their time and effort.

The Class of '76 would also like to thank Mr. Sticklor and Miss Ciannave for their cheerful participation in the Bicentennial Pie Eating Contest. Results are incomplete, however, because one unknowing contestant is still at large.

The class officers helped to make our class activities enjoyable. Our Junior Prom "The Long and Winding Road", was the first to which the school committee was not invited. Coincidentally, it was probably the most successful prom in the history of the high school. However, the Winter Cotillion in our senior year went over like iced tea in January. Although the turnout was good, it lacked the festive mood — probably because it was more than a month after Christmas due to the pre-Christmas blizzard.

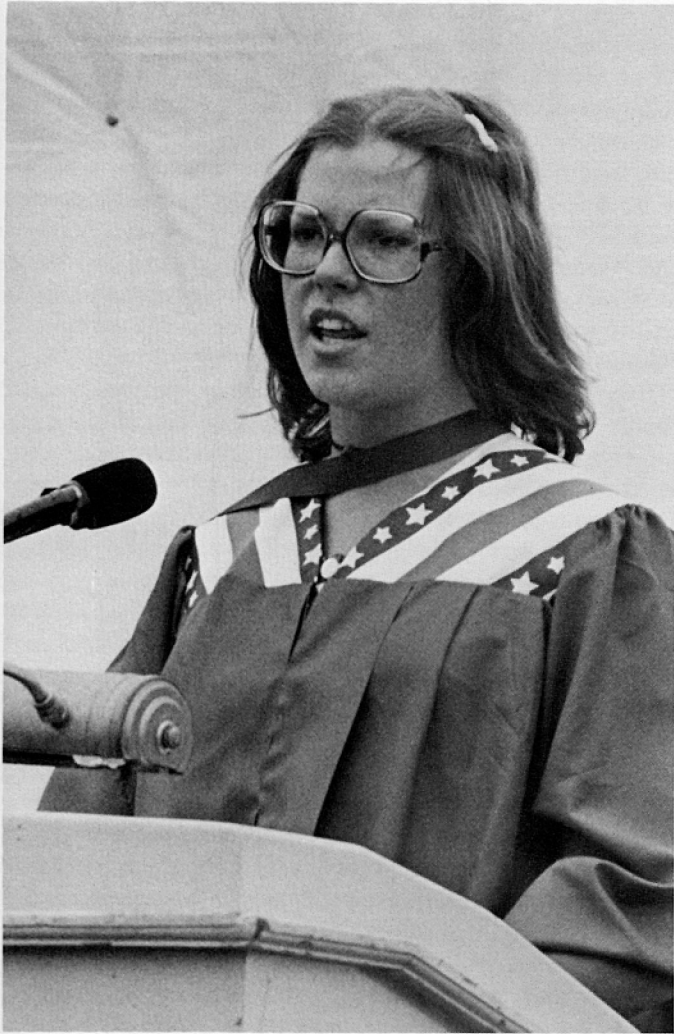
Mr. Harold Rosen was chosen to succeed Howard Henigar as principal in the fall of our sophomore year. We were the first class to have Mr. Rosen for three years. Working with our class leaders, he helped to make our three years ones of change.

LIBERATION: THE MIND

I read on the tag of a Salada tea bag once, "Minds are like parachutes, they function only when open." And it's true. If you close your mind to the world around you, you cannot expect to make it as a complete person. So many times I had heard people cut someone else down because of a difference of opinions. That is pointless! Why not allow that person to think the way he wishes? Hopefully, that person will do the same for you. Your mind is yours, for this life time only. You live your way, I will live mine, but let's keep an open mind for each other.

During the years ahead, you will encounter people of all sorts. And chances are, everyone will have a unique point of view. "To each his own," as the saying goes. "That's cool." People should have their own peace of mind. So why not let it go at that? Try to always listen to what the other guy has to say, you are bound to gain something.

— Liz Chamberlain



One of the first major changes was the use of arena scheduling (which, incidentally, is NOT named after the secretary of the guidance office). In this program, students could elect courses, teachers, and even time slots — if they were lucky. The catch was that students were thrown into the gym to bite, scratch and kick fellow students in the competition for computer course cards. It was like the Roman arena was for the Christians, with lions named Colombo ("You can't drop a lab") and gladiators named Bransfield ("There aren't any more cards for that period"). Most survived, and how this experience was viewed by students depended greatly on where they were in the draw. The first to enter the arena were generally pleased with their schedules, but lower in the draw, there were more complaints about not being able to get a decent schedule. Many who got the bottom of the barrel had a lot of hassles and still didn't end up with schedules acceptable in their own eyes.

In our junior year, "inside suspension" a cruel and highly unusual punishment, was taken off the administration's list of nasty things to do to naughty students. It was eventually replaced with supervised study, and occasionally, outside suspension. The Student Council and Executive Board switched to a non-elected, open membership, so students who wanted to do the work could, and those who didn't wouldn't get the credit.

During that year, Open Council created "Mr. Spirit". In this game, designed to boost school spirit, a "Mr. Spirit" would be secretly picked before each football game. Then, students would try to guess who it was by asking everyone they saw, "Are you Mr. Spirit?" The one who found "Mr. Spirit" would receive two tickets to the football game. "Mr. Spirit" survived through our senior year, but we're afraid the administration may soon have to break this fine tradition because of the incredible din of two thousand students enthusiastically shouting, "Are you Mr. Spirit?" all day.

Open Council soon made up for "Mr. Spirit's" birth. On the first anniversary of Mr. Rosen's incumbency as principal, he was roasted by students, teachers, and fellow administrators in an assembly organized by the Council. The auditorium was packed as "The Chosen Rosen" was teased by the speakers and everyone laughed together, including Mr. Rosen, for whom the roast was a complete surprise. The highlight of the afternoon came when Mr. Sticklor showed his sense of humor by donning plastic ears, glasses and nose to make himself look remarkably like our beloved roastee. This event reflected the relaxation of the atmosphere at

NHS that occurred when Mr. Rosen took office.

For smokers, the start of our senior year brought the end of Natick High's tradition of smoking behind the A-wing and replaced it with a new social center, the Smoking Area. There were a few initial problems with those who had a sentimental attachment to the back of the school, but when the smoke lifted and a fence appeared, it looked as if the smoking area was here to stay. A permanent smoke cloud then began to permeate the B-wing, and at times it was difficult to tell which was the most popular smoke — Marlboro, Panamanian, or Columbian.

Often, the actions of our class have reflected world events. While the nation was in the midst of a recession, there was a marked increase in the number of people standing outside the dishroom of the cafeteria mumbling "gotta dime?" And, while Patty Hearst and many politicians were pleading the fifth, many of our classmates were drinking a fifth.

By the beginning of our senior year, most of us had realized that our year of graduation was 1976, the year of our country's bicentennial. The air of celebration was all around — we were constantly bombarded with tacky red, white and blue products of the commercial Spirit of '76, such as red, white and blue ice cream, beer cans, and one of the tackiest — a red, white and blue bicentennial toilet seat that plays "God Bless America" when flushed. Not to be outdone, our senior class voted to wear keepsake bicentennial caps and gowns at our graduation for a mere \$4.00 extra. Such was our bicentennial spirit.

Natick High was not without its problems and probably the worst was that of vandalism. Missing ceiling panels and missing bathroom stall doors are just two examples of the wasteful destruction that occurred. However, the worst case of vandalism can still be seen on the windows of the foreign language department and the walls of the English department. Here, in our senior year, vandals with at least tacit teacher approval painted dirty pictures and words dirty enough to make even the worst student cringe — words like "bienvenidos", "welkommen" and "Shakespeare". These brightly-colored paintings destroyed the dreary image that the school was trying so hard to keep.

This outbreak of vandalism came very near International Week, a different idea tried in our senior year. Foods from different countries were offered as a much needed alternative to the delicious cafeteria food. The highlight of the week was a Mardi Gras Festival for which students got a chance to dress up and leave their



roles as high school students. It is rumored that Mr. Sticklor wanted to go dressed as a member of the Spanish Inquisition (because Nobody suspects the Spanish Inquisition) but his whips were worn out from over-use.

No history can be complete without a mention of outstanding class members. The list is too numerous to mention all the students who distinguished themselves, so we will mention only a few that represent the broad range of excellence that makes Natick "The Home Of Champions."

In our junior year, 22 class members were elected to the National Honor Society. They were followed by 53 seniors elected to the Society the next year. For excellent performances on the PSAT's, 16 people received letters of commendation, 4 more were National Merit Scholarship Finalists, and one person, Larry Rowe, became a National Merit Scholar. Steve Kruger won second place at the Science Fair at MIT.

In the winter of our junior year, Jim Fahey completed The Triple Crown of auto wrecking by totaling his third consecutive car. Fortunately, no one was seriously hurt. Go for a ride, Jim?

In June of our junior year, Bruce Rockwitz, Andy Berman and Charlene Perkins were off to Boy's State and Girl's State, respectively, to learn government leadership and integrity. Ever since, the telephone company has been trying to find out who made 11 calls from Clark University, where the convention was held, to Natick, charging all the calls to random numbers out of the phone book. Our representatives learned well!

In our senior year, there were many distinguished seniors. Julie Stevens won the DAR Good Citizen Award. Stephanie Reuman and Donna Lee Walker won the John Hancock Business Award. Receiving Industrial Arts honors were: Dan Ostreicher in wood working, John O'Toole in electricity, Steve Marchetti in technical drawing and Don Burns in metal working. Connie Rauschen became one of the first girls to be admitted to the U.S. Military at West Point.

For many of us, the most severe health problem we have experienced in the past few years has been a moderate hangover. But for Paul Chaet, Mark Babcock, Steve Zamboni, Brian Fitzgerald and Jay Snow, things have been considerably worse. All five were involved in personal struggles for their lives after motorcycle and car accidents. Through their courage, strength and determination, they won the fight. Their success is a great tribute to themselves, and the certainly are a most valuable asset to our class.

In our senior year, we welcomed Selim Secuk, our AFS student from Turkey. Selim received a good sampling of American culture and in return we learned about the customs and culture of Turkey. He enjoyed his stay here as much as we enjoyed him, but he did seem to get a little edgy around Thanksgiving!

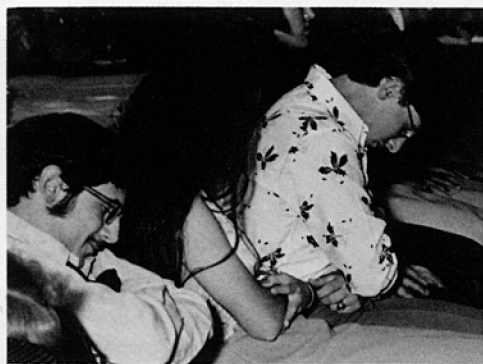
Sports for the most part of our three years were up to the usual high calibre expected from Natick teams. We witnessed the big improvement of the so-called minor sports teams and the establishment of a strong girls' program. Perhaps the biggest thrill was the 1974 Superbowl victory over Reading that gave Natick the Division One Championship. Jeff Dziama, who was named MVP on defense, Jim Fahey, Rusty Fortini, Fred Forest, Dale Henderson, Scott Reilly, Steve Miller, and Marcello Salvatierra all played a crucial role in the Natick victory.

Unfortunately, this years injury — ridden team did not fare as well despite fine efforts by Co-Captains and MVP Jeff Dziama and Co-Captain Rick Lachance's squad. In our senior year, all our athletes put in their 100%, and there were victories that can't be tallied in touchdowns, baskets or goals. Recognition for exceptional team effort should go to the girls' gymnastics team, which was able to tie for second place in the league after years of last places and to the baseball team, which made it to the state tournament. Exceptional individual performances were made by Jeff Dziama, Dan Donovan, Dan MacAlpine, Bill Cavanaugh, Janet Cope and Jane Boyle.

Our Senior Class Play, directed by Gerald Dyer, was "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie". It featured Lisa Troy and Donna Vecchione, but all 16 seniors in the show and on the crew performed with excellence. It was a senior activity that many seniors missed, but one that all should have seen. The next show at the high school was "The Matchmaker", the first play actually performed by the Drama Club. Directed by Harry Garnett, it starred seniors Sally Abbott and Phil Young. In the spring, the all-school show, "Celebrate '76" was warmly received by large audiences. Directed by Gerald Dyer, student-directed by Donna Vecchione and produced by Lisa Troy, the show featured many seniors who were well rewarded for all their hard work.

Our senior year was a good one for music. John Huling made the McDonald's All-American High School Band, Mark Greel made the All-State Orchestra and Band list, and Gary Elovitz and Kathy Cunningham made the All-State Chorus.

The annual Candlelight Concert before Christmas was well received and the second annual Pops Concert



performed in the spring, under the joint supervision of Mr. Ernest Clark and Miss Karen Thomas, was one of the best concerts in years.

In addition, the Concert Choir presented the American Folk Opera, "Down in the Valley." To add to the bicentennial flavor of the evening, the performance was preceded by "The Blue and the Grey", a competitive Speech team multiple about the Civil War.

The Competitive Speech Team had three good years, ending up first, first, and second in the state in our sophomore, junior, and senior years. In our senior year, eight members including 4 seniors, qualified for national competition in Detroit. Ronna Alintuck, who also went to Detroit, qualified as well for the national competition in another league in Colorado Springs.

Our class was not without its tragedies. In our sophomore year, football coach and history teacher Dan Bennett passed away. Both on the field and in the classroom, Dan Bennett dedicated his life to kids. His accomplishments and insatiable desire for life remain an inspiration to us all.

Later in the year our class vice-president, Ricky Griffey died. Ricky was a very giving and caring person, always ready with a smile and a helping hand, but never afraid to say what he felt. His warm personality will always be missed by all who knew and loved him.

Once again tragedy struck with the death of another classmate, Ricky Theriault. Ricky was a distinct individual who was totally real and never compromised himself. His gentle and amiable personality won him many friends and made him an important part of our class.

The history Class of '76 is not yet complete. What we do from this day forth is as much a part of our Class History as what we've done in the past three years.

The past has been a mixture of both good and bad, but our happiness has overwhelmed our sorrow. Hopefully, the future holds for the Class of '76 more of the laughter, friendship and success that we've had in our years at Natick High.

— Don Gooding and Mark Murphy



Will it be stars and stripes for the Class of 2076?



Spirits of '76

EXCERPTS FROM CLASS WILL

We the Class of 1976, being of somewhat unsound mind and body, leave the following:

We the students of homeroom S-214 leave Mr. Barnicle a new beat-em-up stick, a pile of chalk, and a new P.A. system.

Rick leaves Far Star one heavily used shopping cartage.

The cast of "Celebrate '76" leaves Mr. Dyer with an unused director's chair, a broken microphone, the General, chaos the night before the show, a cast of sheep, and Greg Gillianardo as the star of next year's show.

The Calculus class also leaves Mr. Bransfield a gift certificate to get his eyebrows styled, Frick and Frack in class, Wayne in his chair, and the derivative of the econodustless chalk.

The English 40 class of '76 leave Mr. Brown an all-expense paid trip around the world with Phil Shuman, lasting memories of the juicy tidbits of Marion Davis, and last but not least, we leave Mr. Brown TURNED ON!

The 1975 soccer team leaves Mr. Cioffi one cassette tape saying, "the ball doesn't come back by itself."

The Class of '76, who really wanted to be helpful, left so many things to Mr. Zide they can't all be printed.

We leave, knowing Monty Python is not just a figment of our imagination.

German III leaves Henry golfing with Gloria.

Tom Jones leaves Miss Leavitt and Morris singing, "Pussey cat, Pussey cat, I love you!"

The morning gang in room 213 leave Kay with the knowledge that someone really cared.

We, the Senior Girls, leave the Junior Girls hopefully a better batch of boys.

Dana, Mark, Gail, Steph, Janice, Andrea, and Donna leave to Mr. Mitro, once a week, the cleaning services of

his senior assistant and a lot of love.

The departing seniors of the Competitive Speech Team leave Mr. Dyer a full years supply of BarBara Siegal.

A certain group of girls leave always knowing that the good times are at Apt. 13.

We, the Senior Cheerleaders, leave the Junior Cheerleaders that one special hockey game and one night celebration.

We leave Rich Zachilli one bottle of hair grower for his upper lip and one bottle of termite control.

Mary Maaggreggor leaves a pink dress to Mr. Dyer to pass on to some other unsuspecting speechie.

The students of Mrs. D's Bper. class leave her all our hopes for the future.

I, John White, leave N.H.S. very quietly, as usual.

We the '76 seniors hockey players, leave Coach Lacouture a marine uniform.

I leave my bicentennial gown to the flagpole.

We the students of Mr. Kean's B per. Integrated Math class leave N.H.S. knowing the difference between cm and sq. cm.

The senior portion of the Physics classes leave Mr. Biedryzcki as fast as the can.

I leave all my cream pies to those lovely teachers whose faces were covered by the Phantom.

The girls who went to Bermuda leave knowing that "Bermuda is another world!"

Steve leaves Rob in his cellar writing songs and trying to look like McCartney.

We leave Natick High behind the A-wing like it used to be.

I Diane leave with my hair still long.

To all those lovely Metco people who'll carry the name and spirit along to others who'll follow, Love, Peace and

Soul.

We, the Spanish IV class leave Miss Ciannavei, 3 words, a mysterious Don Juan, a spikenard, and best wishes for the next 88.

I, Stephen Miller leave N.H.S., still straight.

The girls track team leaves Mr. Brenneman with his hair receding.

We, the students of Mr. McGowans' F per. class leave him one perdue and a lot of brass.

I, anonymous, leave Mr. Harrington in an unending argument about male chauvinism.

The IR class leaves Mr. Benson first place in the Gerry Ford look alike contest.

Ellen, Sally, Vickie, and Kathy leave Miss Thomas Down in the Valley.

The music department leaves Mark a rubber stamp with his autograph on it.

The A&P classes leave Miss Leavitt to all you Future Junior Klunkies.

I, Fred Grossman leave a moment of silent meditation for those students who passed away and for the members of students' family who also passed away during our years at Natick High School.

Mr. Gaudette was the lucky recipient of many thoughts from his French 41 class.

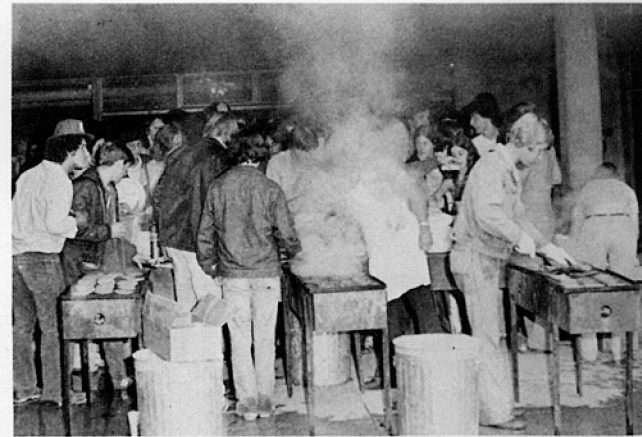
The Rape, Murder & Pillage Society Lives!

We the B&D per. English classes happily leave to Mr. Harrington all our uncorrected papers.

The senior band members leave Uncle Ernie a heated whistle and electric underwear for next year's Thanksgiving Day game.

The Yearbook Staff leaves a lot of Luck, Love and Thanks to Miss Nelson.

The Class of '76 leaves with spirit.



The outdoor-indoor picnic.

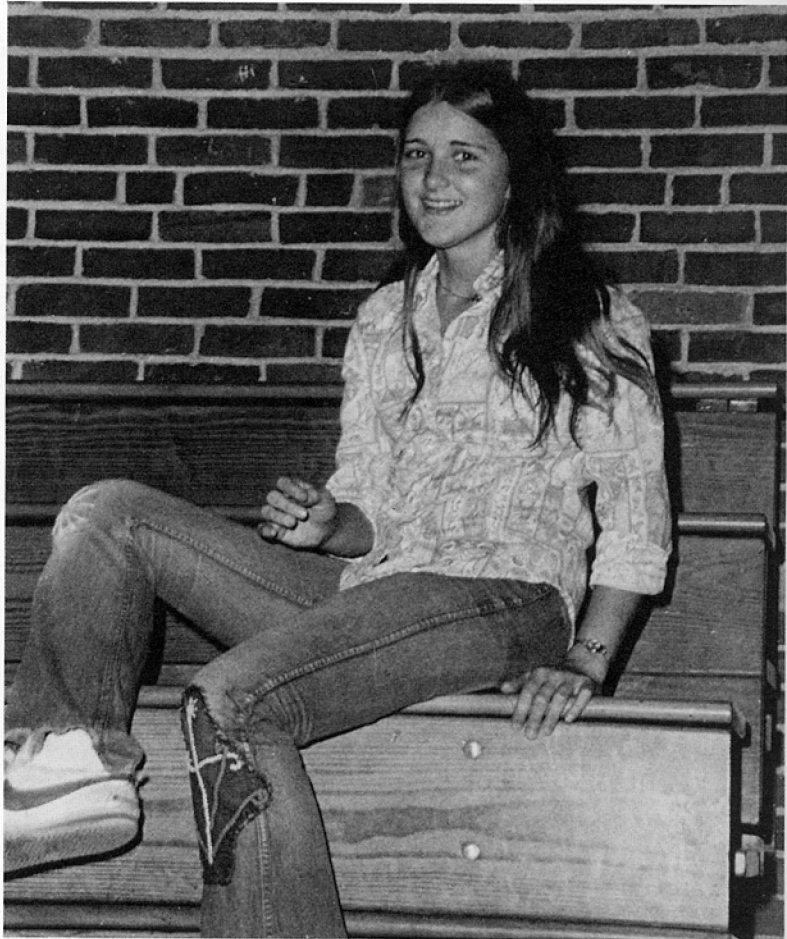
Steve Miller demonstrates how to get a junior off your back.

Photo by Tony Smith

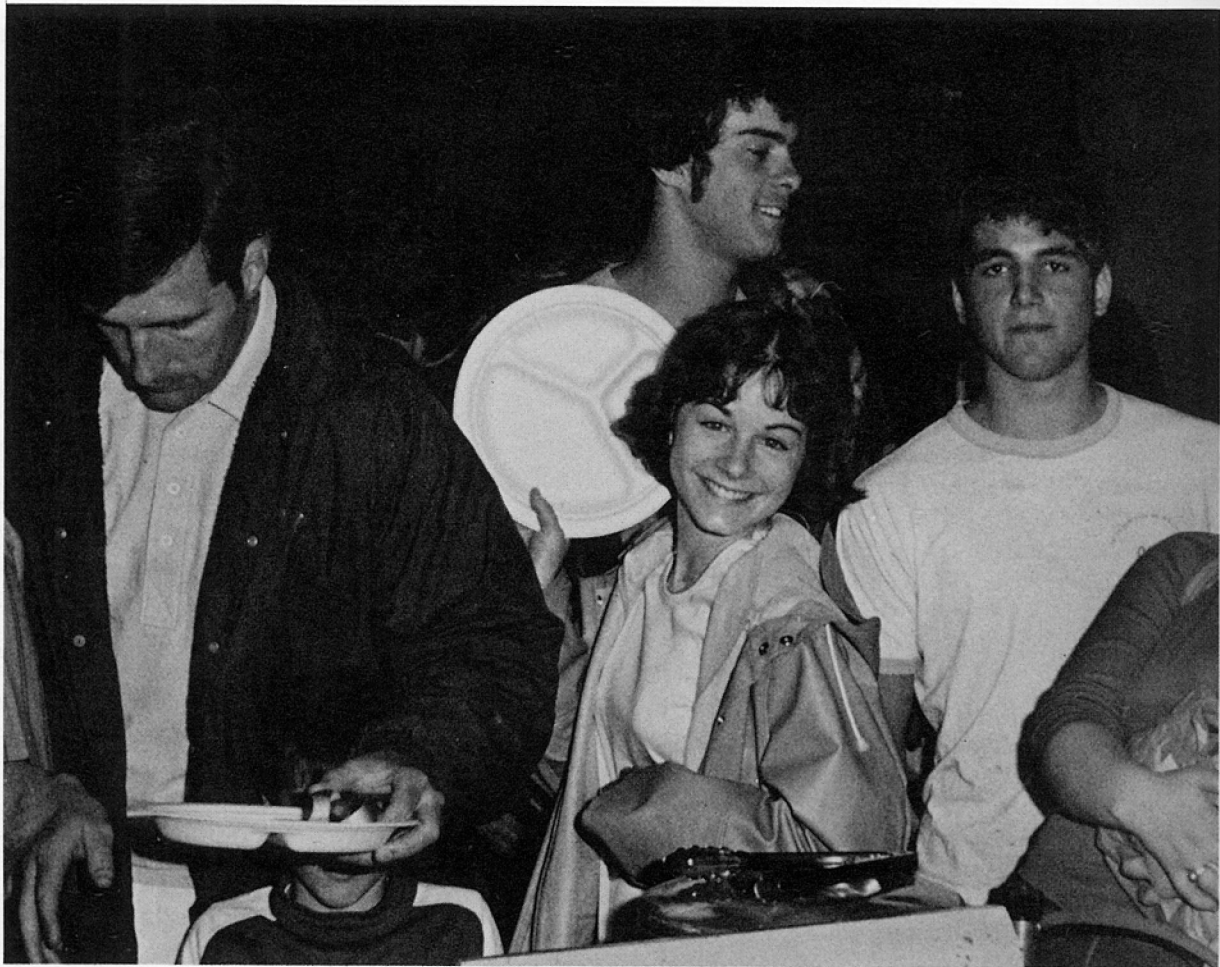
THE LAST WORD



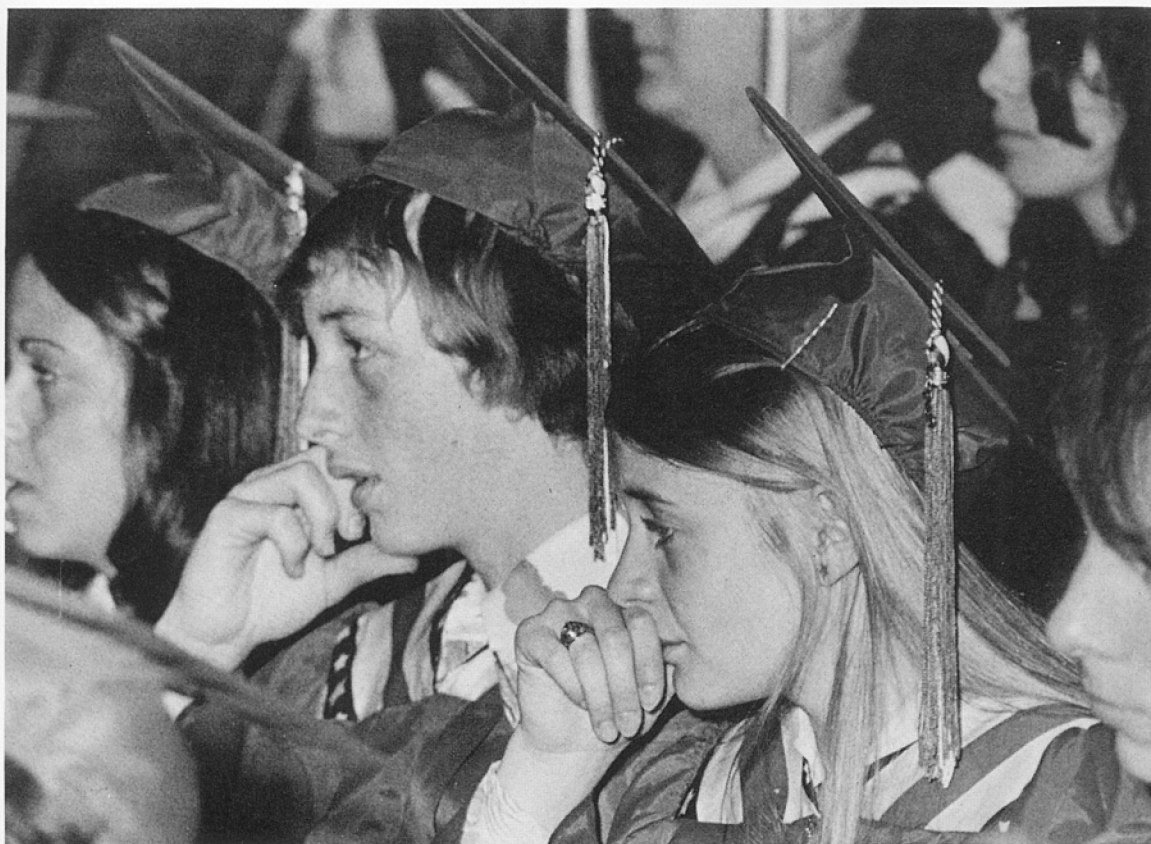
Brian Fitzgerald



Cindy Chouinard



Cheese-cake anyone?



Scott McGrath, Cami Bruni

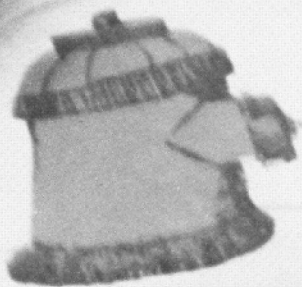
Yesterday we were sophomores and now all three years have flown by. The ups and downs that seemed to last for ages have all become short minutes in our memories.

Our expressions at graduation were as new to us as our new lives. The protective shell of school suddenly cracked open to expose us to a known but somehow new world. Taking that first shaky step toward our individuality brought tears and smiles.

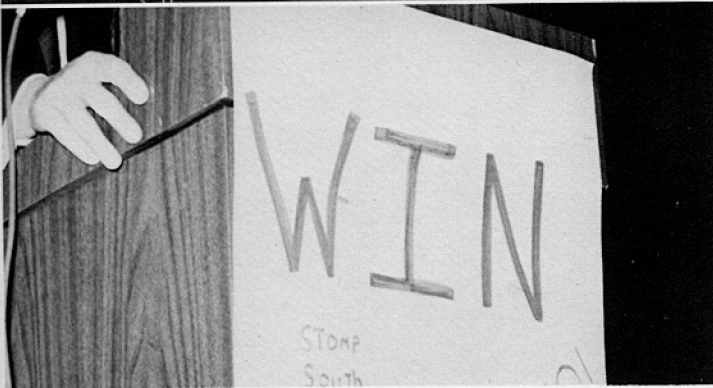
Now we've begun to reach out toward "our" world and we've begun to leave our mark like all the generations before us. And we'll do it with tears, smiles, and a lot of love.

M.J.L.





did you ever
feel like
fire hydrant
and all your friends w



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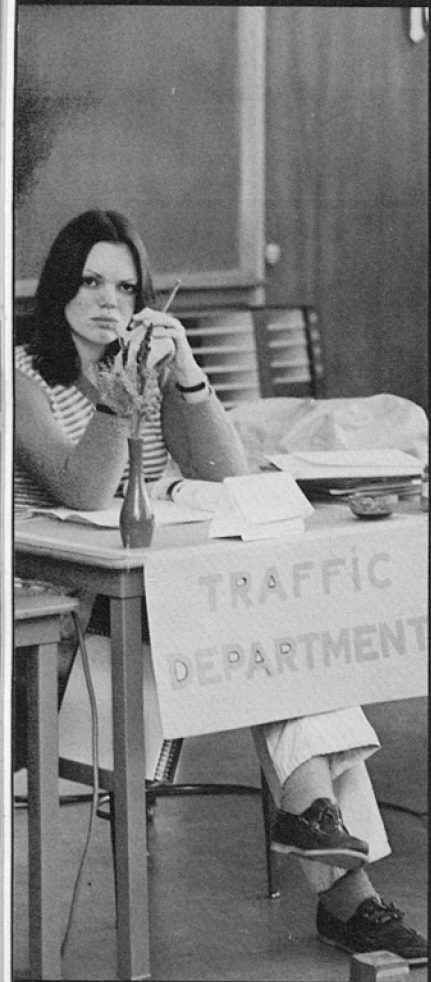


YEARBOOK information

November 1975

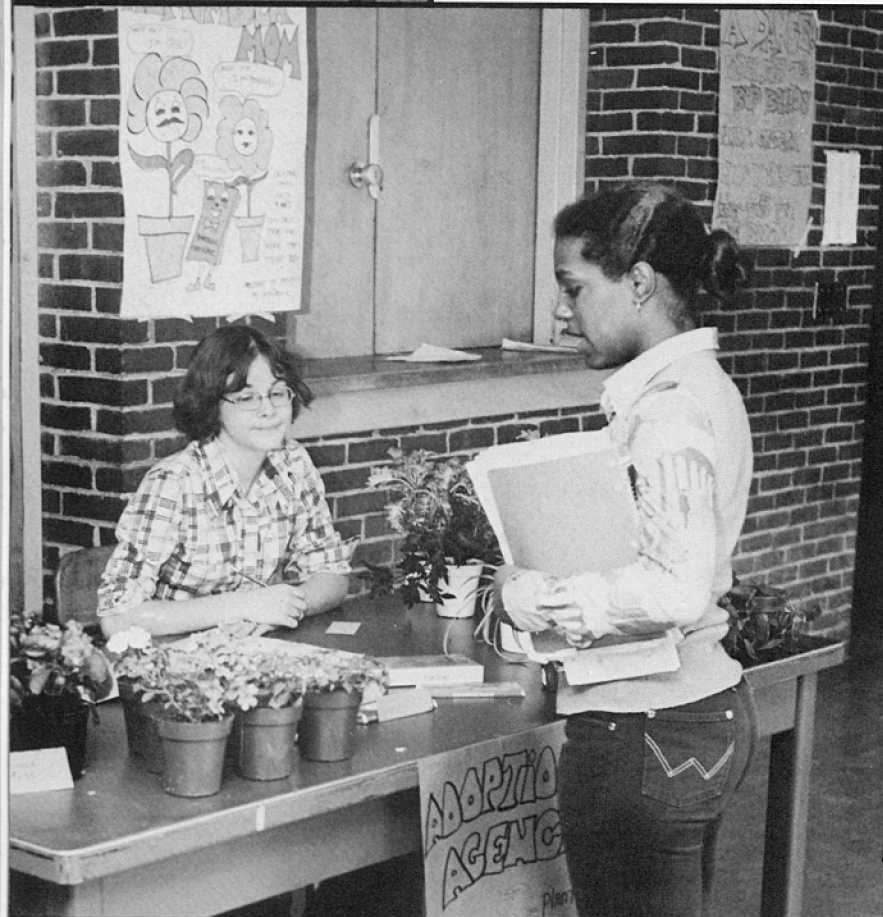
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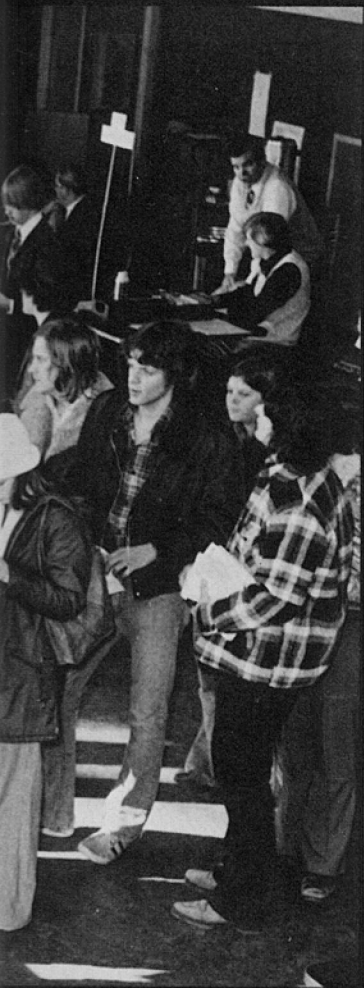
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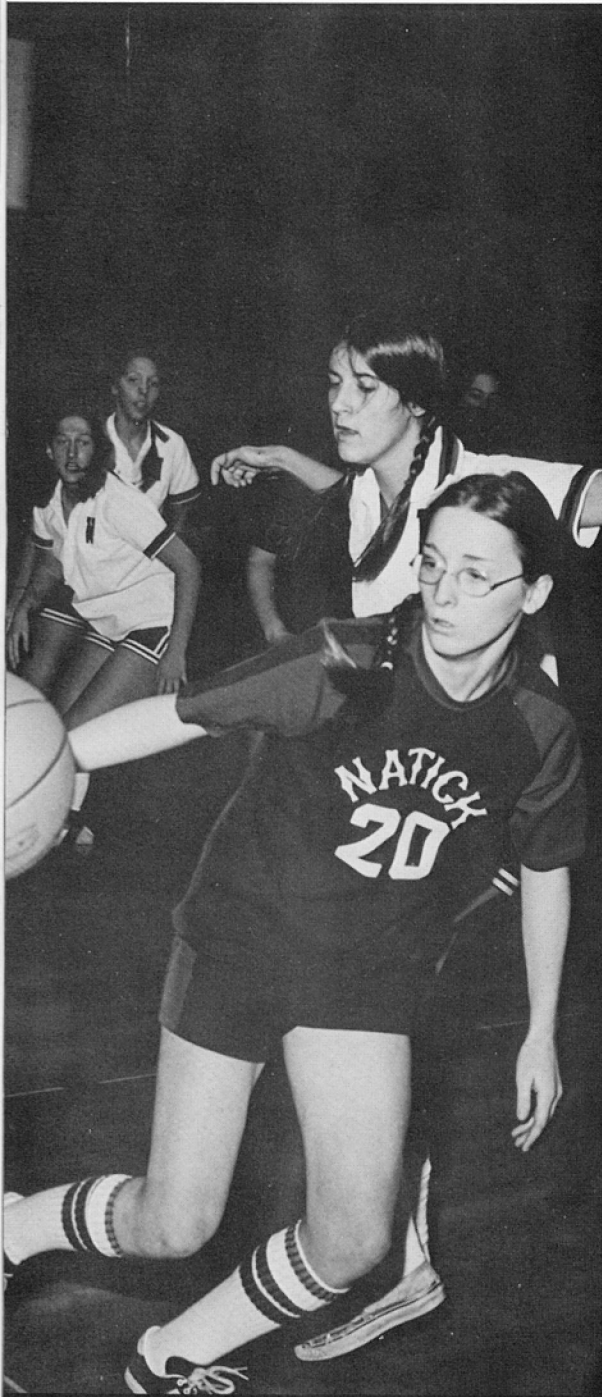


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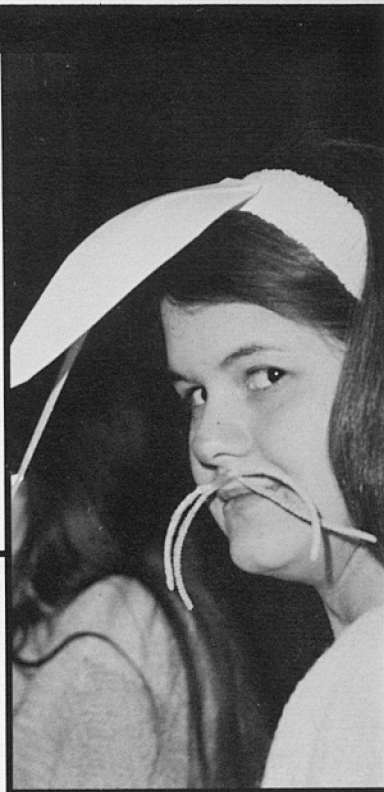
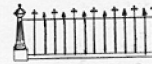
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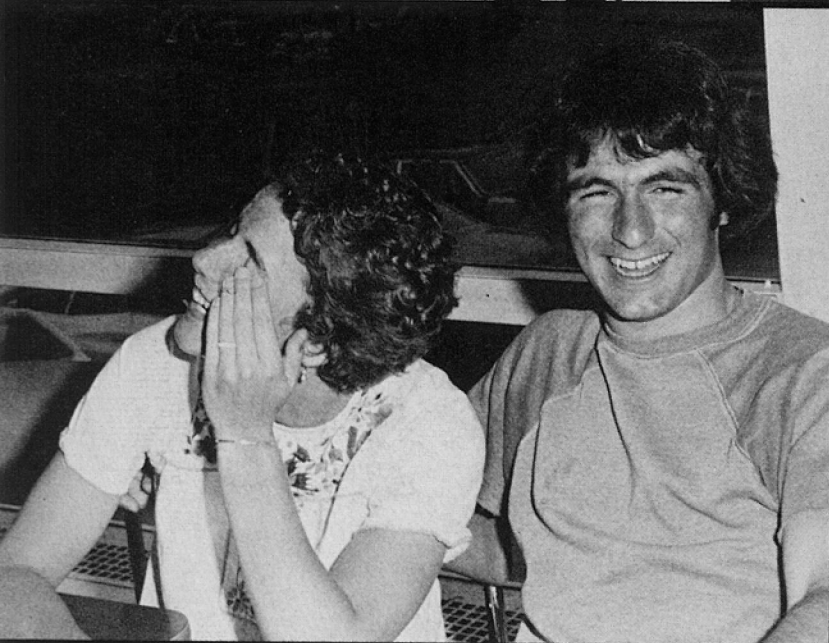
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I would like to use this space to thank Mr. Holbrook and his junior journalism students for their help and also, Shirley Paul and Larry Rowe for helping this staff to sell ads.

And, to my staff, I would like to say that you were all very warm and wonderful people. I felt I had another family. Thankyou for sticking it out through the summer to help complete a big job.

*Keep in touch!
 Janet Nelson*

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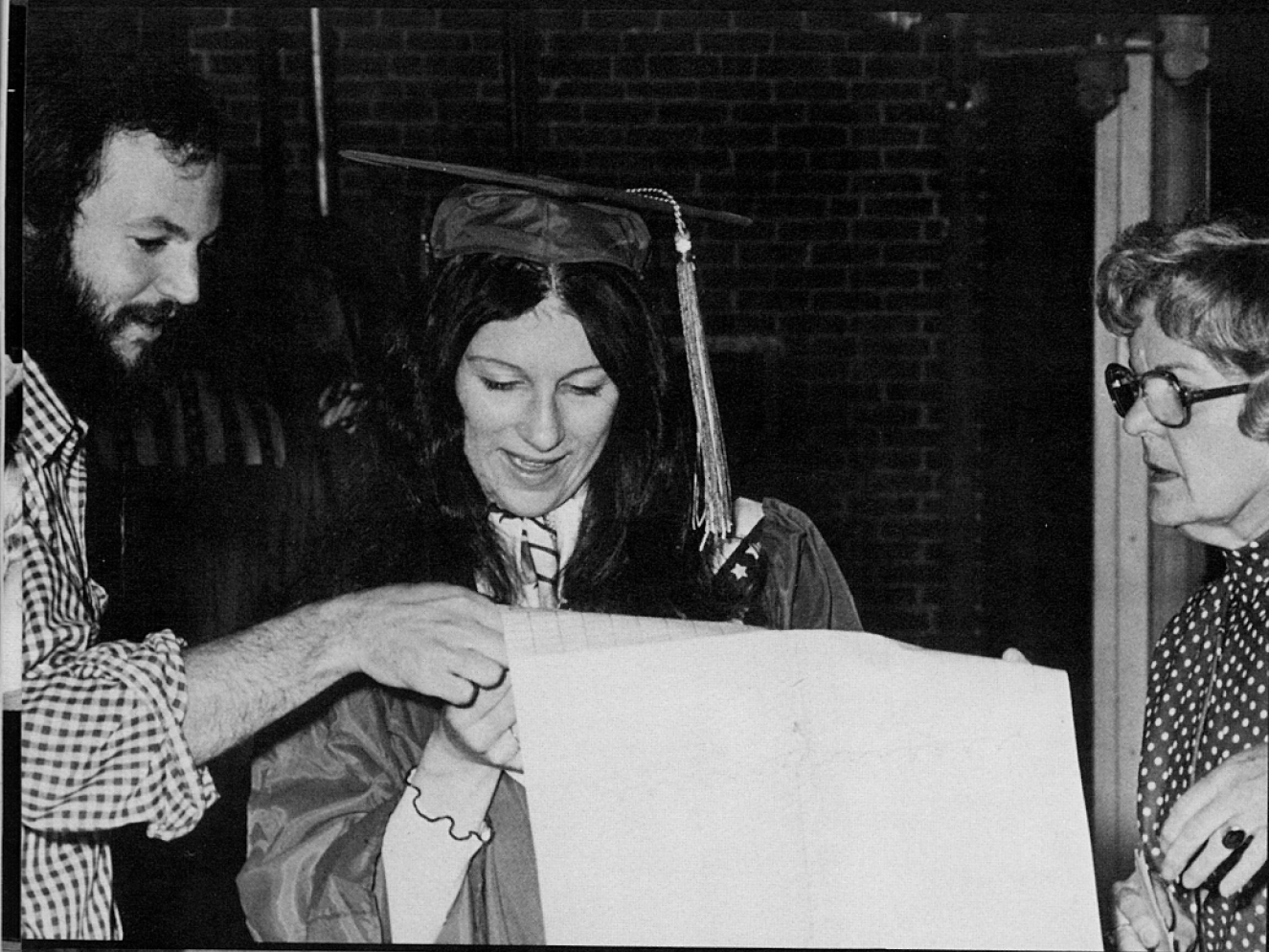
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